

Under the Watchful Eye of the Knife

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I walked in, I came in, the same as I ever did.
I spoke, I explained, we discussed, you and me.
Like all before, I did the same.
Focused but was I out of focus?
No ill will.
The writing all over the wall.
I see my flesh. Running around. Have I let them down?
The solace they bring, the everlasting comfort from their eyes and voices.
How much longer can I play these songs?
The weight of the chords coming crashing down.
Dizzy but at no height.
Pulse flickering up and down.
Head swimming.
Who do I cry to? The reflection staring back at me.
Can someone make it go away?
Though no ill will the ill feeling lingers and weighs.
In the doors or outside, the clock is always on, always ticking.
Sometimes I want to escape this never-ending spherical chamber but alas this is my home.
I am a father.
Amen.